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The Huntress



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Chapter 1 by ibisnoxkai

She'd escaped a witch trial with a bow & arrow and a sack filled with the bare essentials.

They were all probably hunting her right now. Her brothers and sisters. The entire village.

She knew that there was a cheerful village across the woods that no one else in France knew about. She would find sanctuary there.

"How about a new beginning?" she thought out loud to herself. Changing her name seemed to be the first step.

Hmm. Cateline seemed too tame. How about la Chasse?

Angry shouts behind her forced her to sprint quickly away from them. Yes, Chasse seemed right.

Chapter 2 by Jayde Avalon



By twilight the sounds of her pursuers had finally vanished. /Have I lost them?/ She wondered,

and then she realized that she had lost them. She had run far enough to be safe, but still close enough to return home.

She continued walking towards the village.

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She whirled with an arrow nocked in her bow quicker than the blink of an eye--literally. That's part of the reason of all this "witchcraft" nonsense. Standing still as a tree, her eyes scanned the darkening forest. Nothing.

/crunch...crunch...clak-clak...crunch.../

The sound was behind her.

She turned and let loose her arrow on her pursuer. Well, tried, anyway. Just before she could turn, a cold blade pressed tauntingly against her throat. Chasse had to force her heart and breathing to steady.

"Why don't you just kill me already?" A slight tremor in her smooth, soprano voice betrayed the fear she was trying so hard to mask. "I mean, you've already got me, obviously..."

"You expect me to believe you can't fight back?" A voice whispered in her ear. "I'm not stupid. And anyway, I need you alive."

"Why?" Chasse needed to keep him talking for a minute longer...

"Because I want you to help me kidnap..."

With all her strength, Chasse shoved backward with her heels, effectively knocking down the hooded stranger. He immediately wrapped his arms around her again, but she had folded hers against her chest in such a way that she managed to push herself out of his arms downward. A quick roll forward brought her to her feet, and when she nocked an arrow and trained it on him, he had already removed his hood. Her arms slumped and she gasped in shock.

/"Johann?"/

Chapter 3 by RunningOwl13



"What are you doing here!?"

I will be back later

The hood before the hood

WARRIOR

I can tell you that I'm

My name is not English

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"Chasse, what kind of name is that?" I can hear a slight hint of sarcasm.

We walk in silence after that. John doesn't tell me anything, but I know where we're going.

"We're going to the cliffs, aren't we."

"Yes, how did you know?"

"There is only one path that crosses through this neck of the woods."

John would always lie to me when we were younger. I never trusted him. One time we were lost in the woods for days. We would sometimes play with another girl, Lila. Then I remembered.

"John, who are we kidnapping?" Knowing very well who it was.

Chapter 4 by namnam



John grinned, and gestured towards a large tree trunk that was bare of branches, which gave it a naked look.

If she was not sure before, it was certain now.

The trunk looked just like the one that the three of them used to throw rocks at near John's village. Of course, it could not be the same tree. Cateline never ventured this far, nor did Emily, at least as far as anyone in the village knew.

But this was not important now, because she was Chasse. Just Chasse.

John and Lila knew her as Emily, and so did the rest of the villagers from the southern village. She never wanted her name to come up when traders from the south came to her village, her family would not appreciate her going this far south, so Emily had to do for a name, at least when she was in Leila and John's village.

Why would he reveal to her that he was planning on kidnapping Lila? Why now, after he insisted on not telling her?

She did not care, all she cared about now was to be away from her village.

Chapter 4 by namnam



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I heard a snap coming from

and back to reality

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What was that? I wonder if it's time to go back to reality or just keep on living my life.

"They found me." I thought "This can't be happening."

"WATCH OUT!" John yelled at me and pulled me from where I was, and out from the shadows jumped out a wolf.

Panic raced through my veins. "RUN!" I yelled. And just like that, the chase was on.

Chapter 6 by Αηγνες Λειγη (GONE...)



We ran, dodging trees and bushes, hoping over logs and stones for what seemed like an eternity. My body grew tired, but the wolf's never did.

"We... can't... out-run... it" I huffed. John chuckled "Oh really?".

I've always hated his sarcasm, ever since we were kids.

As a huge oak tree came into view about fifty feet away, I had a plan.

"See the... huge tree in front... of us?" I asked. He nodded. "Keep... running, and... I'll climb up and get... a good... view to shoot... it, okay?".

"Okay" he said.

The tree is only a dozen feet away now. Like planned, I jump up onto the lowest branch and make my way up a little higher.

The wolf doesn't stop chasing John.

"Now would be a good time!" he yells. I roll my eyes, and prepare my arrow.

I have a clear shot now. I release the arrow, and then another one.

They both land exactly where I wanted them to.

One in the wolf's head, and another in John's back.

Chapter 7 by Αηγνες Λειγη (GONE...)



I watched the wolf fall, dead onto the forest ground. And then John.

But he wasn't dead. Yet.

I climbed down, skipping a few branches on the way. I landed, and darted to the scene.

I stopped at about five feet from him. He turned around, surprise in his eyes.

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Then stories in the shadow

I stepped a few feet back

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"Don't say anything. Or I will break his upper body, shoot, and I heard a disturbing laughter."

"You were always like this *Emily*. So... predictable, it hurts" and he turned whipping around, throwing what appeared to be a amulet in my direction.

I easily avoided it by moving one step to my right.

"That would've hurt quite badly" I chuckled, preparing to end him.

"It wasn't meant to hurt you, my dear *Emily*. Just to locate you".

A horribly disturbing laugh escaped his mouth, as he fell to the ground. I turned around. The amulet had created a small fire, smoke rising around me.

"No.. no no no" i muttered as I ran over to the flames, trying to put them out with my foot. It had already grown five feet. Adding to the panic building up inside of me, dogs barked coming from behind me.

I had no other option, but to run.

Chapter 8 by Αηγνίς Λειγή (GONE...)



I found myself once again hoping over logs and stones, avoiding trees and shrubs, the all too familiar sound of the hunting dogs close behind.

I had arrows left, but no time.

If I turned around to shoot one of my pursuers, I'd be dead before I could even release one of them.

My throat ached for water, and my legs ached for rest. *Not now, Chasse. Not yet* I thought to myself.

An arrow shot past my left ear, missing it by an inch or so.

They had arrows.

I roughly turned right, avoiding another arrow which nested in a nearby oak tree, and jumped over a small bush. I zig zagged around a few boulders, the sound of the metal heads of the arrows bouncing off the rock a motivation to keep me going.

And then it came. As I exited the rock maze, I skidded to a stop.

There, was a line of around twenty people, arrows in hand, aiming at *me*.

My previous pursuers completed the circle surrounding me. I was trapped.

~~One bow with maybe five arrows against thirty bows and possibly hundreds of arrows~~

I turned around and started running again, but the dogs were closing in. I turned back around and ran towards my home town. Other than the dogs, there was no one else around.

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This story was going to die

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I reached my bow pulled back

Just as I did so, a swarm of ten arrows headed my way. I was surprised to see most of them pass right beside me. But then there was that one.

That only one that *didn't* fly right past me. It dug into my chest, nesting right next to my heart. I fell back, onto the forest floor.

Even though the pain was excruciating, I felt at peace. I held my bow close to my chest, squeezing it with all the strength I had left.

Slowly, my eyes closed.

Chasse was dead.

the end

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